

THE DAILY BEE, PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Daily Morning Edition including Sunday... For One Year... For Six Months... For Three Months... For One Month...

THE DAILY BEE.

Sworn Statement of Circulation. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, J. S. A. Geo. B. Tschuck, secretary of the Bee Publishing Company...

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Sworn to and subscribed to in my presence this 2d day of March, A. D. 1888. N. P. ELLI, Notary Public.

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It looks as if the list of possible presidential candidates was complete. No addition to it has been made in at least a week.

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It is in accord with the eternal fitness of things for the poor old newspaper wreck on lower Douglas street to champion the hare-brained schemes of the Jefferson square mosquitoes.

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The committee of congress to investigate the trusts will enter upon its task next Thursday. It is to be hoped the result will be less unsatisfactory than was reached by the committee of the New York legislature.

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There is very little probability that Mr. Springer's omnibus bill for converting four territories into states will get through the senate, whatever may be its fate in the house.

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It is by no means certain that Messrs. Gould and Sage can yet congratulate themselves that they are beyond the reach of justice.

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Now that it is in order for Mexico to be in the hands of the turbulent Texans and the mischievous Mexicans to renew hostilities on the border.

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The American minister to England did not give the customary banquet in honor of Washington's birthday.

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A year ago the Boston Herald announced in its columns that it proposed, as an incentive to its employees, to distribute at the end of the year a certain percentage of its profits among them.

A Land-Grabbers' Still Hunt.

A concerted movement by the land rings, pre-emption claim brokers and town lot syndicates is in progress to procure the removal of every special agent of the general land office who has stood in the way of marauders upon the national domain.

Recklessness in Building.

The Kansas City investigation into the Midland hotel catastrophe is bringing to light some startling facts. At the inquest of one of the victims who met his death by the falling of the roof, the architect, Mr. Burnham, stated that the accident was caused by the giving way of the iron plates which supported the trusses under the ceiling of the dining room.

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assure the company that it can only lose in popular regard by continuing its objectionable and unwarranted course.

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SOUTH OMAHA NEWS.

Abrams, of Pender, brought in six cars of cattle yesterday.

O. W. Peeler, of Western, has two cars of cattle on the market.

J. A. Frazier came in from Silver City to sell his stock.

B. & M. officials say they will run in a stock train to-day.

Justice Levy continued the suit of Weidman vs. Fitzgerald for ten days yesterday.

Richard Otto August Reuther, eldest son of Judge Reuther, has come to make his home in South Omaha.

The B. & M. showed signs of life yesterday, and their switch engine was doing duty for the first time since the strike.

"The first who spoke the most," is what one disinterested spectator said of the board of trade meeting Saturday night.

Ticket Agent Woods is sick, and travelers over the Pacific must miss his genial face the while. E. P. Weirs is officiating in the meantime.

The Owl club of the commission men shows signs of disbanding, and yesterday one of the delinquent members was expelled. They said that Roy Hough, the treasurer, had gone to Chicago, and the committee said that it made no difference, as none of them had any money to hold a meeting, and the same and initiated unsuspecting strangers.

Twenty-five old army men met in City Clerk Wells' office Saturday night and resolved to pay for a charter and comrades Baylis, Theo. Elliot, J. B. Erion, J. A. Murphy and J. W. Cross were appointed a committee to select the time and place for the regular post meetings. Officers will be elected next Saturday.

Jack Kelly has been boarding with Mrs. Stella Kearns, but for some reason doesn't like to settle for the accommodation, and Justice Levy continued the case until the 19th in order that both parties should think it over.

The Exchange hotel guests yesterday were C. Abrams, Pender; H. J. Windsor, Omaha; J. A. Frazier, Silver City; O. W. Peeler, Western, Neb.

At a three weeks' absence Judge Reuther returned from his trip to the east, and celebrated the event by firing "Farmer" Young 81 and cosine. Young was not decorated with the usual military honors, but went into Gorman's saloon Saturday night and attempted to own it. The attempt proved a failure and he settled with the judge for a pleasant time.

For three hours Saturday night the business men of South Omaha listened to instructions as to how a bank of trade should be run. Some of the speakers said that if they had noticed the \$10 entrance fee, mentioned in the proposition they had signed, they would not have signed it, but that once they had signed they would stand by it if the \$10 broke them. Others wanted to have a general meeting of the bank of trade, but the majority, evidently, wanted to see it what it was intended to be, a genuine board of trade. Before the meeting closed, the committee appointed to nominate officials for the first term reported—that is, two of them did. One of them nominated himself as treasurer, and the other nominated a gentleman who had not yet joined the association as president. It was too much, and the members present adjourned for a week to think it over, but they have christened the enterprise "South Omaha Board of Trade." They meet again next Saturday.

MORTUARY.

CHARLES MORTON.

This young man, for about three years a salesman on the road for M. E. Smith & Co. of this city, and one of the best known of the commercial men residing here, died of inflammatory rheumatism at the residence of E. A. Holton a member of the firm, on the corner of First street and Poppleton avenue. He had been ill but about ten days. His relatives reside in Ohio and have been notified of the young man's death. The cause of the funeral will be announced until they are heard from. Mrs. Morton.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Huggs took place on Monday afternoon at the residence, 232 North Nineteenth street, and was largely attended, especially by the older settlers of the city. The services were conducted by Deacon Gardner of Trinity cathedral, and the remains were laid beside those of her late husband Peter Huggs, who was buried a few years ago in Prospect Hill cemetery.

The Coming Convention.

Delegates to the state convention of republican clubs, to be held in Omaha March 15, will be given reduced rates on all railroads. Delegates should buy full fare ticket to Omaha and take agent's receipt. The secretary of the convention will give certificates to all accredited delegates, which will enable the holder to buy a return ticket at one-fifth the regular fare upon presentation to the ticket agents at Omaha.

Clubs intending to send delegates to the convention should at once, if they have not already done so, state the names and give the names of the delegates chosen.

Hon. James P. Foster, president of the republican league of the United States, Hon. Carl Richard Larson, Omaha, secretary, Hon. W. P. Hoppburn and Hon. J. P. Doliver will be present and address the convention.

CHARLES A. COLLIER, Secretary. Room 17, Iron Bank. State exchanges please copy.

Williams Held For Trial.

Ed Williams, who received a charge of bird shot from Frank Van Hummel's shot gun Sunday morning while burglarizing Dr. Van Hummel's house, was brought before Judge Berka yesterday afternoon. He pleaded guilty of the charge against him, wishing to get through with his case as soon as possible, and he was held under \$1,500 in bail to appear before the district court. His room mate, John Robinson, was held as a witness, and being unable to furnish bonds for \$200, he too went to jail with Williams.

Licensed to Wed.

The following marriage licenses were issued yesterday by Judge Shields: Age (Daniel Rouse, Omaha, 23; Annie Franklin, Omaha, 21; Arthur E. Shockey, Omaha, 37; Jessie Dudley, Omaha, 30; Carl Richard Larson, Omaha, 32; Clara Bergreen, Omaha, 40.

Freight Bureau Meeting.

The freight bureau committee of the board of trade met yesterday afternoon and considered several matters regarding the relations of business enterprises with the railroads. Some debate was entered into relating to the action of the board of directors on the inter-state commerce bill last Monday afternoon, as it is far removed from being re-opened at an early date.

Sheriff Coburn's Report.

Yesterday Sheriff Coburn submitted a tabulated statement to the county commissioners of the number of prisoners received at the county jail and cared for since January 1, 1888 to December 31, 1887.

A BURNING MOUNTAIN.

The Great Wyoming Coal Bank which has been burning for ages.

A Wyoming Mulhatten writes to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat from Oil City, Wyoming:

This burning mountain is really a coal bank which for years and years a fire has been smoldering, giving out, as did the Schechicade to the Israelites of old during their wanderings in the wilderness in search of the promised land, a "pillar of fire by night and a cloud of smoke by day." As it is far removed from any settlement, and situated in the heart of what is known as the "bad lands," it is but little known to any but cowboys, whose duty leads them more frequently through the wild paths of the country than any other class of men, the more beaten ones of civilization.

To one visiting this burning mountain for the first time, the country presents a most dreary aspect. For a mile or more around the several openings the ground is red and sandy, and many years ago beds of coal crop out around this spot, and during the fierce windstorms that

frequently rage in this altitude, the fire, where it is near the surface, is fanned into a terrific blaze, which at times leaps high in the air, and the slight night when viewed from a distance, which with a most beautiful and fascinating one.

For fully half a mile along the edge of the coal reef the little tongues of fire shoot up from crevices and run along the earth, twisting and turning in all sort of weird and fantastic shapes, which can only be compared to many little devils at play; jumping and running and scampering hither and thither, until a strong gust of wind raises a greater sheet, that spreads out like a great white sea, on the approach of which construction seems to take possession of the smaller imps, and with a scamper they all disappear into space. Grotesque and ghoul-like shadows hover about the outer edges, while the mournful dirge of the wind whistles around the sides and crevices of Pumpkin buttes, the phantom-like outline of which can be seen at intervals, give to the shadows a sepulchral voice, which reminds one of Dante's "Inferno," and the cowboys who stand in the appropriately dubbed place "Hades," look on with interest.

Many explanations are given as to the origin of the fire. Some claim that the place was struck by lightning, while others, among whom is my informant, Mr. Cooper, say that there is a strange story told by some of the old Indians who still hunt through this country, explaining how the fire originated. The Indian legend is that a countless number of snows back when Wyoming was only known and marked on the maps as part of the Great American West, all the country west of the Mississippi was all a virgin wilderness, a young brave of the Crow Indians called Little-Chief-with-Big-Eagle-Claws, so named from the circumstance that while yet a boy he killed an enormous eagle, the wings of which he carried off and put on a buckskin string around his neck, fell desperately in love with a beautiful young Indian maiden of the Arapahoe tribe who was known in society as Flower-that-Blooms-in-a-Snow-Drift, from the fact that she was born late in the spring, when the banks of the river stream, near which was a deep bank of snow with flowers already blooming around the edge. The lovers met with much opposition from both tribes, which at that time were at war with each other. Yet the young man, who was in civilized circles, where a son loves the daughter of his father's most bitter enemy, they persevered and finally were married, and the Little-Chief-with-Big-Eagle-Claws brought his bride home to her father's tribe.

But her beauty and the attention and devotion shown her by Little-Chief—something unusual among Indians—brought down on her the jealousy and hatred of the other squaws of the Crow tribe, and to use the language of the day, she was "cut up" by the jealous aristocrats, and ostracized from society. So Little Chief put up his tepee some distance from the others, and they lived alone, happy and contented in each other's love.

One day a young girl was born, a bright-eyed, black-haired little papoose, that was the "sunlight and starlight" of their wigwam. But when he was yet scarcely one year old, the war between the Crow and Arapahoes broke out afresh, and Little Chief went forth with the young braves to do battle, and camped in a little valley on the banks of the Belle Fourche, and leaving the old men, squaws and children to take care of the camp, the younger braves went out in search of the foe whom their tribe had long hated.

It was in the first skirmish Little Chief, who was foremost in the fight, was mortally wounded and carried off the field dead, but the Arapahoes were put to flight.

When the news reached "Flower-that-Blooms-in-a-Snow-Drift" in her wigwam that night she was distracted, heartbroken and alone among a strange people, and a people, too, against whom her own tribe were waging a bitter war; the husband whom she adored and loved, and who had been her protector and guide, was dead; a widow ere yet the moon had scarcely waned, her lot was indeed a hard one. And to add to her wretchedness the other squaws gathered around her, and now that Little Chief was no longer there to protect her, and to shield her from the taunts and her sorrow, taunting her with the cowardice of her brothers, and asked her why she did not go to her own tribe that were now running and fleeing like so many squaws before the superior skill and bravery of the Crow, and that she actually drove her from her wigwam.

Clasping her little papoose close to her breast she started out into the darkness and the night alone with her sorrow and began her weary march across the mountains like a lone wanderer, hoping only to reach the home of her husband and the scenes of her happy youth, where Little Chief would win her, that she might lay down by the graves of her forefathers and die. But coming to a high ridge, under the point of which the wind whistled, her strength being weary and foot-sore, she crawled into it and threw herself on the ground. The cry of her baby, however, roused her, and resolving for its sake to live, she went out and gathered some sage brush and built a fire to keep herself and her baby warm. And it is supposed, worn out after her long and weary journey, she lay down to rest, and fell asleep, during which the coal took fire, and the gas sufficed both mother and child, as they were lying so close together, and she never awoke.

Such is the story of this wonderful burning mountain as told by an old Indian to Mr. Crapon, who from long association with them can understand and talk the Arapahoe language fluently; and such is the story as he told to me, detailed portions of which I have frequently heard from the cowboy and Indians during the past three or four years; and however much truth there is in the portion relating to the origin of the fire, certain it is that the Indians had the spot in great fear, and avoid and shun it, thinking that the ghost-like shadows which nightly hover and play about the spot are the spirits of the lost "Flower-that-Blooms-in-a-Snow-Drift," and the children of the little papoose that perished with her.

A Revolutionary Treasure Found.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Several thousand dollars in old gold coin in earthen pots were exhumed by Lorenzo Mears, on his farm in Accomee county, Va., recently. A tradition in the neighborhood says a large amount of money was concealed on the farm during the American revolution by the tory proprietor, who, having gone to England during the war, died there without fixing the spot where he had buried the money. For many years some of the descendants of the old tory proprietor came over here and spent several hundred dollars in making excavations in a fruitless search for the money. At the ground where the old tory had thrown the money, the men were dug around the yard, signs of which were found. It is said that those

Englishmen brought over with them an old negro who had been a servant of the revolutionary proprietor, and who professed to know where his master had buried the money. The Englishmen finally (by the way) the search and went back to England.

Nothing more was heard of the treasure until Mears accidentally struck upon it while planting some fence posts around the yard. Mears tried to keep the matter a secret, but a little boy who lives with him went to the neighboring village of P